

### A CONFESSION

Hopes Her Statement, Made Public, will Help Other Women.

Hines, Ala.—"I must confess," says Mrs. Eula Mae Reid, of this place, "that Cardui, the woman's tonic, has done me a great deal of good. Before I commenced using Cardui, I would spit up everything I ate. I had a tired, sleepy feeling all the time, and was irregular. I could hardly drag around, and would have severe headaches constantly.

"After taking Cardui, I have entirely quit spitting up what I eat. Everything seems to digest all right, and I have gained 10 pounds in weight."

"If you are a victim of any of the numerous ills so common to your sex, it is wrong to suffer.

"For half a century, Cardui has been relieving just such ills, as is proven by the thousands of letters, similar to the above, which pour into our office, year by year.

"Cardui is successful because it is composed of ingredients which act specifically on the womanly constitution, and helps build the weakened organs back to health and strength.

"Cardui has helped others, and will help you, too. Get a bottle today. You won't regret it. Your druggist sells it.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper. No. 120

### GET YOUR SHOES While YOU WAIT

We have employed a regular shoe maker to assist in our shoe repairing department and can now give you the quickest as well as the best of service. If you will send in your shoes in the morning you can get them back that same afternoon. We also do harness repairing. Come to see us. We have just received a barrel of the best grade of harness oil we will offer it in any quantity at retail. Have the best 50c Buggy Whips on the market. All repair work cash.

**Louisburg Rep. Shop**  
Julius Lehman, Prop.  
R. E. I. Lancaster, Mgr.  
Corner Nash and Church Streets.  
Near Hill's Stables.

### THE MODEL STEAM LAUNDRY

RALEIGH, N. C.

The best laundry in the State, we are still representing this laundry, and guarantee the best work at all times. Special prices made to household work.

REMEMBER HEREAFTER ALL LAUNDRY MUST BE PAID FOR WHEN DELIVERED. DON'T FORGET THIS. Call up phone No. 327 and let us know when you have any to go off, we will send around every Wednesday morning, save it for us.

I am still giving away aluminum ware, have just gotten in a big lot. Come in and give me a look. Pick out a piece, and have put away, and when you have traded \$40.00, you will get the piece free of all charge.

WANTED all the chickens, eggs, hams, butter, or any thing else you have to sell, give me a call.

Yours to please,

**John W. King**

### Dr Brantly Henderson

Henderson, N. C.

In Louisburg every first and third Mondays, at the office of Dr. H. A. Newell.

Practice limited to the Diseases of the Eye, Ear Nose and Throat and the Examination of the Eyes for Glasses.

### A. Rogers

Louisburg, N. C.

Will make estimates on tin and slate roofs, tin shingles or galvanized shingles and all sheet metal work of any kind.

Guttering and Spouting  
A Specialty.

## THE DIAMOND FROM THE SKY

By ROY L. MCCARDELL

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A novelization of the photo play selected as the best in over 19,000 submitted to the scenario department of the Chicago Tribune in a \$10,000 prize contest during December and January. The manuscripts in this competition came from many sections in the United States and Canada. Authors of note as well as thousands of amateurs took part.

#### CHAPTER XV.

"A Mind in the Past."

**A** DULL, aching resentment burned in the bosom of Blair's mother as with a voice hoarse to her own ears she called to summon Blair to make his part of the bargain with the implacable visitor, who waited for them in the somber living room upstairs, with the photographs of the guilty thumb prints of Blair.

No answer was returned to her call, and Mrs. Stanley remembered again the bitter quarrel she had had with Blair over Vivian Marston.

With a bitter sigh the realization came to her again that all the stern, persisting ambitions that had embittered her life—the desire for the earldom and the great diamond for her most unworthy son—were not worth the heartache and tragedy that had darkened her life.

It was with a fierce resolve, in a sudden revulsion of desperation and despair, that Mrs. Stanley returned to the living room to tell her strange visitor, Hagar, to do her worst, let the consequences be what they might.

For herself the austere Mrs. Stanley resolved to strive no more for the sake of her dissolute and desperate son.

"I will make no bargain with this woman even to save Blair from the gallows," was her grim thought. "Neither she nor the strange girl who was Dr. Lee's ward and whom she now mothers at Stanley hall shall have social countenance from me."

But as she ascended the stairs to make known her resolve she heard the slam of a door and the sound of hurrying feet from the living room to the chambers at the back of the house.

She opened the door from the stair landing to the living room. The center table was overturned, and there were other signs of a struggle, but the room was empty.

Then a muffled groan, a low moan of pain, fell upon the ears of Blair's mother. The sound came from near the door, behind the fireplace.

Mrs. Stanley pressed the spring, and the wall with the fireplace turned out, and there in the semidarkness of the "Tory's hiding place" lay the unconscious figure of Hagar. It was manacled with the sheriff's handcuffs that Vivian Marston had brought to the house after the tournament in mockery of Blair.

The form of Hagar lay half reclining against the rifled family strong box. Mrs. Stanley picked up the key of the handcuffs, lying near, and unfastened the manacles on the wrists of the dazed and unresisting Hagar.

Then the judge's widow realized that here was the culmination of the wicked deeds of the son she had inculcated with a lawless desire for things that were not his.

She raised Hagar, dragged her out into the room and closed the hiding place. She was not surprised to note that the photographs of the thumb prints were gone. She revived Hagar and regarded her stricken visitor, prepared for a harsh defiance with no thought of compromise.

But the whole expression of Hagar had softened to a pathetic, cowed wistfulness. Her face seemed younger, her eyes moist and pleading.

She turned to Mrs. Stanley with outstretched arms and murmured, "Give me my child!" And then Blair's mother saw that the blow her son had dealt the strange visitor had deprived her of all realization of the present.

The stricken brain of Hagar Harding was cognizant of no recent happening. Her mind was in the past. But the judge's widow was not aware that the disordered intellect of the woman before her dwelt only on the great tragedy of Hagar Harding's life, the sale of her son to be foisted as the male heir to the earldom and the diamond from the sky, nearly twenty years ago.

Mrs. Stanley had no suspicion of the import of Hagar's words, but she realized the crazed woman was no menace to either herself or her son, and she led her downstairs and to the door, where she set her on her way to Stanley hall.

At Stanley hall in the gathering twilight Esther waited for Hagar. It was a sad homecoming. The dull eyes of Hagar gleamed with recognition of the portals of Stanley hall. But the face of Esther, the gentle, loving Esther, was the face of a stranger to her.

Alarmed and weeping, Esther led the moaning woman she deemed to be her mother up the broad steps and into the wide hallway of Stanley hall.

Here a fierce, wild change came over Hagar. She sprang to the door of the library and threw it open.

"See, he is in here!" she cried. "They have him in there, the child they stole and sold from me. See the diamond that blazes on his little breast! Take off the diamond! There is a curse on it for all our race! Take off the fine raiment! Give him back his rags! He is my son!"

Now, too, even the crazed mind of Hagar seemed to realize the library was empty and unoccupied, for she gave a wild cry and fell sobbing on the breast of Esther.

Summoning the servants, Esther had Hagar carried to her chamber.



"Give me my child!"

blow Blair Stanley had dealt Hagar with the heavy poker had made no cut or external wound. She was soon in fevered sleep, and Esther was forced to leave her bedside at urgent summons from below.

There she found Luke Lovell, headman for Hagar here as well as at the gypsy camp, hidden in the mountains twenty miles away.

Suspecting that Hagar was ill both of mind and body, Lovell had already usurped authority. Even now he was ordering the wandering hunchback organ grinder from the place.

But if Quabba was frail he was courageous. He was insisting he would not leave the place until he had said farewell to the strange, grand lady who had spoken Romany to him and also farewell to her fair faced daughter, who had also bidden him to stay and be refreshed.

There was something so loyal and true in the hunchback's respectful gaze that, stranger as he was, it made Esther take his hand, after sternly dismissing the scowling Lovell, and beg the humble hunchback to stay.

"Do not leave us," she whispered. "Something tells me you will be a friend, and we have no friends now save perhaps our gypsy people." And even as she spoke Esther recalled the scene in the grand stand at the tournament and how this hunchback wanderer had warned Arthur that he had been betrayed.

At this juncture a carriage drove up to Stanley hall. From this a strange figure alighted, the figure of a tall, lank, serious, side whiskered Englishman wearing a plaid suit with a heavy mourning band on the arm and a glistening white tropic helmet. This strange individual had a rifle in the carriage.

At the sight of Quabba's chattering monkey the lank Englishman grew wildly excited. "Some of their native wild beasts!" he exclaimed and rushed back to the carriage for his rifle.

It took some effort on the part of both Esther and Quabba to reassure



Marmaduke Smythe, Lawyer, Gets His Gun.

the excited visitor that Clarence, the monkey, was not at all a wild beast of the Virginia jungle, but simply an itinerant organ grinder's friend, companion and collector of external revenue. Then the stranger, made known his

name and errand.

"I am Marmaduke Smythe, barrister, of London, England, solicitor and agent of the estate of the earls of Stanley of Stanley castle, Warwickshire," he said. "Lord Stanley died there a month ago from the infirmities of old age, leaving no heir in England, the succession falling to the eldest son of the elder branch of Stanleys of this place, Stanley hall.

"I remember it well, for I was here to verify the American heir nearly twenty years ago. And a beastly experience I had, my dear young lady. I was ambushed by croaking savages and fell off a horse and was thrown—not off the horse, but figuratively thrown into the midst of a terrific and bloodthirsty feud between Colonel Stanley and Judge Stanley, both rip snorting, bally fire eaters, as you Yankees way down east in Virginia say.

"So my errand, young lady, in these wild-parts of the American border—is to notify young Arthur Stanley, both Colonel Stanley and the judge being dead, that he is the Earl of Stanley, and the title and estates await him in Warwickshire."

And then it was Esther's painful task to tell the strange caller of the accusations against the young man he sought, of his wild flight and disappearance.

"My word!" exclaimed the embarrassed London lawyer. "What a dreadful way you wild Yankees have of tomahawking each other, don't you know! If the American earl is a criminal in hiding I must notify the next of kin, the late judge's son, whom I distinctly remember as a vicious little beggar who bit me severely.

"In case, his lordship, as I must call him; the fugitive, is captured by your white cap chaps he will undoubtedly be lynched, as is your invariable custom on the American frontiers here, I believe. Hence the son of the late judge will be the Earl of Stanley.

"That is, provided, of course," the London lawyer added, "that this Hon. Blair Stanley, as he would be called with us, has not outgrown his vicious propensities as a child. For I assume if he bites your prominent border ruffians he will be tomahawked or lynched or put an end to in some unpleasant manner. So you must excuse my taking leave, as I must notify the next of kin."

And he raised his tropic helmet politely and walked in a wide circle around the chattering monkey.

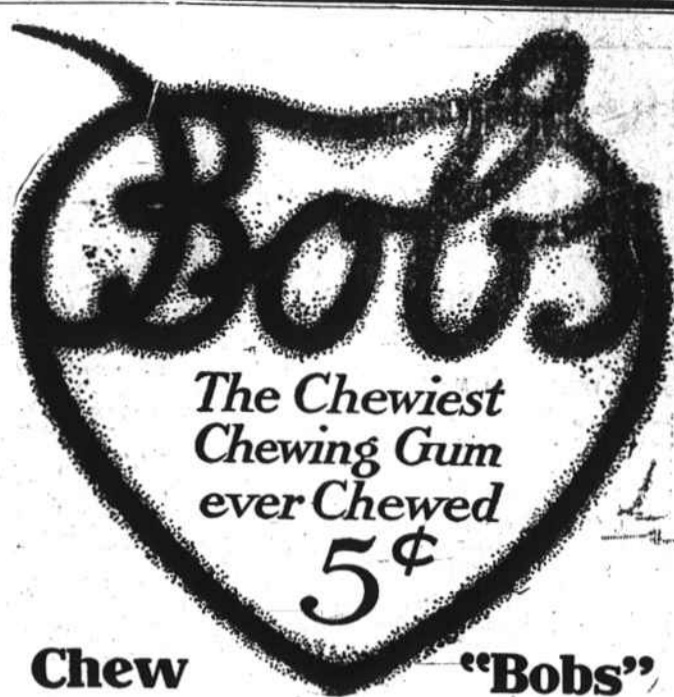
(Continued on Page Seven.)

### No. Six-Sixty-Six

This is a prescription prepared especially for MALARIA or CHILLS & FEVER. Five or six doses will break any case, and if taken then as a tonic the Fever will not return. It acts on the liver better than Calomel and does not gripe or sicken. 25c

For Sale.

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Chew "Bobs"

5c. the packet or two "Bobs" for a cent at all the better-stands and stores.

**START** your Heart a-Bobbing merrily with "Bobs"—the heart-shaped peppermint candy with an inside of chummy chewing gum. The choice chew that cheers.

Bob for "Bobs"

### WRONG TIMES

Is as costly as it is troublesome. Therefore bring your watch or clock to

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Watchmaker and Jeweler

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I am located at the Racket store and will guarantee you the best of work at most reasonable prices. All kinds of jewelry also repaired at moderate prices.

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### Come to Us

For everything else in Hardware. We have some dandy Washing Machines, everyone guaranteed to do the work and add several years to the wife's life.

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